

The Tragicke

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
 To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.
Duc. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
 Came to me I followed *Henries* course,
 When the blood was scarce washt from his hands,
 Which issued from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
 O, When I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,
 This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
 For making me so yong so old a widow.
 And when thou wedst, let sorrow haun thy bed,
 And be thy Wife if any be so badde
 As miserable by the death of thee.
 As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
 Loc euen I can repeate this curse againe,
 Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
 Crosly grew captiue to his hony words,
 And prou'd the subiects of mine owne soules curse,
 Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
 For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
 Haue I enjoyed the golden dew of sleepe,
 But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
 Besides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
 And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.
Duc. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou weofull welcomer of glory.
Duc. Glo. A due poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it.
Duc. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee
 Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
 Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
 I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
 Eighty old yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
 And each houres joy wrackt with a wecke of teene.

The trumpets sound, Enter *Richard* crowned, *Buckingham*,
Catesby, with other Nobles
King. Stand all a part. Cousen of *Buckingham*,
 Giue me thy hand: Here he ascends his throne.

of *Richard the Third*.

Thus high by thy aduice
 Add thy assistance is *King Richard* seated:
 But shall we were these honours for a day?
 Or shall they last and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may they last.
King. O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,
 To try if thou be currant gold neede:
 Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would say
Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be *King*.
Buc. Why see you are my thrice renowned Liege,
King. Ha: am I *King*? tis so, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter consequence,
 That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince,
 Cousen thou wert not wont to be so dull,
 Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,
 And I would haue it suddainly performde,
 What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be brieft,
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindenesse freezeth.
 Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?
Buc. Giue me some breath my Lord,
 Before I positiuely speake herein:
 I will resolue your grace imediatlie.
Car. The *King* is angry see he bites his lip.
King. I will conuerse with iron wittie fooles,
 And vnrespectiue *Boyes*, none are for me
 That looke into me with considerate eyes:
Boy. high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowst thou not any whome corrupting gold
 Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
 Whose humble meanes matcht not his haughty minde,
 Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
 and will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is *Terrill*.

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